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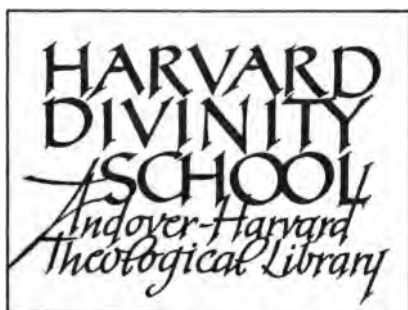
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1865



H Y M N S

COMPOSED CHIEFLY ON

THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST,

AND

REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD.

BY

MISS CLARE TAYLOR.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."
1 John, i. 7.

"Victorious Lamb, of Thee I'll sing,
Of thy meek, lowly suffering,
How Thou a servant's form didst take,
Whose Voice the heaven and earth shall shake."
Hymn I.

London :

DANIEL SEDGWICK, 81, SUN STREET, BISHOPSGATE;
HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

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BRIEF SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

THE hymns contained in this volume are the productions of an esteemed Christian lady, a member of the Church of England, who resided at Westminster during the early part of the last century. She departed this mortal state in February, 1778. Her will directs that her remains "be privately and decently buried in the Parish Church of St. Mary Mildred, in the Poultry, London." In her youthful days it pleased God to lay his afflicting hand upon her, which was the means whereby her soul and body were consecrated to His service, as the following lines of one of her unpublished hymns testify :—

Left I was by my dear mother,
Without father, sister, brother;
In the world almost a stranger,
And my soul of hell in danger.

But my body, being sickly,
In my heart was settled quickly;
Soon will be pronounced my sentence,
And I forced to give attendance.

Thus my conscience was affrighted;
I was wandering and benighted,
Nor knew I which way to take to,
Or could find one guide to speak to.

This bearing the yoke in her youth was attended with most happy results, and was the means of bringing her into the fellowship of the excellent of the earth, amongst whom may be named Lady Huntingdon, Maria Theresa Stonehouse, Bishop Gambold, Count and Countess Zinzendorf, James Hutton, John Cennick, John and Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, and other honoured servants of God.

The first appearance of Miss Taylor's hymns was in the Moravian Collection, 1742, and they have been retained through all the editions and some of them are in the last, edited by James Montgomery.

It was customary with the early Moravian Brethren, who had the ability, to compose hymns, or translate

them from the German originals, many of which translations were the work of the Sisterhood, the original German hymn-books being brought over to this country by the early Moravians: the hymns and translations thus made were carefully laid by, and when a new selection was produced, some of the best of these hymns were inserted. The hymns of Miss Taylor thus appeared in the various selections from 1742 to 1789.

Miss Taylor's original compositions contained 169 hymns, only 83 of which are now known to exist. The first eighteen in this volume were extracted by a friend from the original manuscript, probably with a view of publication in the last century. Those from page 32 to the end of the volume have appeared in the various editions of the Moravian collections, Lady Huntingdon's, and others of the last century.

Hymn xx. is a translation of one of John Angelus's hymns from the German.

Miss Taylor continued through life a firm friend to the Moravian brethren, and not content with furnishing hymns for their solace, she left to the Moravian cause four hundred pounds at her death.

London, June, 1865.

LIST OF TRANSLATORS OF HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

John Christian Jacobi ...	1722	John Holmes.....	1826
John Wesley	1739	Peter La Trobe.....	1826
Philip Henry Molther ...	1742	Frances Elizabeth Cox...	1841
Charles Kinchin	1742	Henrietta Joan Fry	1842
William de la Motte ...	1742	Eleanor Fortescue	1843
Ludolph Ernst Schilcht,	1742	John Anderson	1846
Abraham Reineke.....	1746	Arthur Tozer Russell ...	1851
John B— Gussenbauer,	1746	John Hunt.....	1853
John Gambold	1754	J—e B—th—k	1853
John Haberkorn	1760	Richard Massie.....	1854
George Tranecker.....	1769	Henry Mill	1856
Andrew Parminster	1789	Catherine Winkworth ..	1856
John Antey	1801	F. William Gotch	1856
John Hartley	1801	Catherine B— Dunn ...	1857
Louis Renatus West ...	1809	Elizabeth Charles.....	1858
Ellis Cornelia Knight ...	1812	E— F— Bevan	1859
John Bowring	1825	— Walker	1860

HYMNS

On the Sufferings of Christ.

Hymn I.

- 1 **V**ICTORIOUS Lamb, of thee I'll sing,
Of thy meek, lowly suffering ;
How thou a Servant's form didst take,
Whose voice the Heav'n and Earth shall shake.
- 2 Immanuel, a Saviour came,
And fully paid each Debt and Claim,
Which poor insolvent Sinners bound,
When Blood ran out from his side's Wound.
- 3 His dying Words will me discharge :
If Satan can my Guilt enlarge,
I'll not deny what I have done,
But tell him I'm redeem'd and won.
- 4 While to the slaughter'd Lamb I cleave,
Such Stratagems can ne'er deceive ;
While I within his Wounds will lie,
Approach me, dares no Enemy.
- 5 Peacefully here, O may I rest !
Here to remain for me is best,
And for all those who Sinners are ;
The Saviour takes of such due care.
- 6 On his vile Treatment will I think,
Till I shall all enamour'd sink
Each day more deep into his Wounds,
Where Grace and Happiness abounds.

- 7 His miserable Life will guide,
And teach me what shall e'er abide
Within my Heart, and keep it low,
That I may follow him also.
- 8 My Ransom Price was his pure Blood :
The Man who paid it is my God ;
A Mystery indeed profound,
It was a Lamb receiv'd the Wound !
- 9 A Lamb was sacrific'd for me ;
A Lamb was nail'd upon the Tree ;
A Lamb has wash'd me in his Blood ;
This holy Lamb is the true God.
- 10 Well may I then of this Lamb boast ;
Whoe'er believes shall ne'er be lost,
No ; for not one shall ever die,
But live with him eternally.
- 11 The Lamb was slain, and swam in Gore,
The Lamb is God ! I him adore,
That he would humbled be to pay
With Blood my Debts, and for me pray.
- 12 Dear Jesus, fix this in my Heart,
And root and ground me in thy Smart ;
Subdue and wash out all that's mine,
Lamb, may thy Image in me shine.
-

Hymn II.

- 1 **D**EAR slaughter'd Lamb of God once slain,
Give all of us to know thy Pain,
When on the Earth thou felt'st each Smart,
When all our Sins lay on thy Heart.
- 2 This Day anew we give our Hearts,
Because thou hast endur'd such Smarts ;

We thank and praise thee for it all,
Tho' our own Strength is very small.

- 3 And when thou wert a little Child,
Thou wert also quite poor and mild,
And in a Manger was thy Bed,
Thou Lord and God, and only Head.
- 4 Thou as a poor mean Child wast born,
And wast conceiv'd in Mary's Womb,
But quite as other Children came,
In all Points quite the very same.
- 5 Make this quite clear in ev'ry Heart,
That in the World thou felt'st such Smart ;
And if thou wert not such a Lamb,
What would become of Sinful Man.
- 6 O take us all this Day afresh,
And deck us with thy Righteousness ;
And make us all quite happy here
In that dear Wound, bor'd with a Spear.
- 7 And now, O dearest Lamb, I pray,
Take all our Hearts on thy Birth-day,
And take them all, and make them clean
From all our Self and all our Sin.
- 8 O keep our Hearts from ev'ry Sin,
And make them in thy Blood quite clean ;
And dip them in thy precious Blood,
For thy own Mercy's sake, O God !

Hymn III.

- 1 **O** LAMB, Lamb, Lamb ! that blessed Name
Fills all my Soul with Grief and Shame,
To think that ever I can still
Take Part with those who did thee kill.

- 2 Ah, have I yet so strange a Heart,
To act so traitorous a Part
'Gainst thee, who for my Sins didst die,
As e'er in Deeds thee to deny !
- 3 For Mercy, Mercy, Jesus, I
Must as a guilty Sinner cry ;
I must fly to thee for thy Blood ;
My Righteousness is in that Flood.
- 4 For every Sickness and Distress,
There's Balsam, which can heal and bless,
In that rich Flood all is contain'd,
Which Jesus by his Death has gain'd.
- 5 Thither my Heart delights to go,
With all its Misery and Woe ;
For should I from that Fountain run,
I must be filthy and undone.
-

Hymn IV.

- 1 **M**EEEK slaughter'd Lamb, to thee I lift my eyes,
Who never dost a helpless Soul despise :
To thee I look, to thee, I will complain,
Till every Thought thy Grace in me restrain.
- 2 O holy Lamb ! before thy flaming Eyes,
My Heart uncover'd at thy Throne now lies :
I do not wish one Spot from thee to hide,
But pray thy Presence may with me abide.
- 3 Depart not from me ; O Lord ! leave me not ;
Whilst thee I have, thy Blood will cleanse each
Thy Grace will conquer my unruly Will, [spot,
And at thy Word all Tumults must be still.
- 4 Leave me not, Jesus ! tho' I oft offend ;
Let not my Punishment so far extend :

But canst thou leave me for Self-Will and Pride,
When for my Sins thy Blood hath satisfied ?

- 5 No, no, I better know thy tender Love ;
Thou art not willing from my Heart to move :
Thou only would'st me happier daily make,
And all my Misery away would'st take.
- 6 Into thy Wounds to hide myself I creep :
Thy precious Blood my Heart doth quiet keep :
When I its Vileness and Corruption see,
Thy Love pours down in Streams of Grace to me.
- 7 Flesh, World, and Satan hence shall rage in vain ;
I of their Malice will to thee complain ;
Thou wilt avenge my Cause, whene'er I cry,
Who in thy Body bor'st such Misery.
- 8 Thou knowest well what Succours I do need ;
My Wretchedness is all I have to plead ;
This, this is all which I to thee can bring,
Who art my Priest, my Saviour, and my King.
- 9 My Spirit joyful cleaves unto that Blood,
Which streams so gracious from the Cross's Wood :
O what transporting Sweetness doth arise
From that sufficient, holy Sacrifice !
- 10 O dearest Jesus ! could I weep a Flood,
Black must I be ; no Works could do me good ;
No Tears of mine could wash away my Sin,
Thy Blood, thy Blood has made the Sinner clean.
- 11 Thy Blood's a Treasure, which to me thou gave,
This Treasure I in earthen vessel have ;
How base the Heart which doth this Gift em-
My Merit is, I have receiv'd thy Grace. [brace !
- 12 But I no Merit to myself can claim,
Because I was so helpless, dead, and lame,

That I had perish'd in my lost Estate ;
Thy Grace it was, which did a Thirst create.

- 13 Praise, Love, and Honour be to thee, my God !
For bringing me to Thirst for thy dear Blood,
Receive my Thanks, that still I feel my need ;
Eternal Thanks, that thou for me would'st bleed.
 - 14 Howe'er distress'd in this vile Body I,
Yet thou art touch'd with my Infirmary ;
Thou, who hast suffer'd such amazing Pain,
Will send me Help whene'er I shall complain.
 - 15 That mighty Pain, which thou hast borne for me,
May I so plainly with my Heart but see,
That I may cheerfully all Self resign,
And say, dear Lord, not my own Will but thine.
-

Hymn V.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of Abraham rejoice ;
What tho' you once had Hearts of Stone ;
This shows the Pow'r of Jesu's Voice,
Now him the slaughter'd God you own.
- 2 When you and I ungodly lay,
Condemn'd to suffer endless Pain,
Then did the gracious Saviour say,
I for those Sins was torn and slain.
- 3 Canst thou believe, thou soon shalt feel,
What I for thy poor Soul have done ;
Thy broken Heart my Blood shall heal,
Come take thy Absolution.
- 4 With what sweet Force these words were spoke,
There's none but pardon'd Sinners know ;
Nor how their Bonds asunder broke,
That they might to their Saviour go.

- 5 May each, who by his Grace was freed,
Obedient prove to such a Lamb ;
Who for their Sakes to death did bleed,
And the old Dragon overcame.
- 6 Those who his Children were before,
Christ by his Blood did back redeem ;
Soon as his Blood doth wash them o'er,
They feel deliv'rance in that Stream.
- 7 Children of God they then are made,
To this his Spirit witness bears :
As Jesu's Blood their Ransom paid,
They cast therein their Fears and Cares.
- 8 To what amazing high Advance
Are such ungodly Wretches rais'd !
Nor need we fear the least Mischance,
The Lamb's dear Blood and Sweat be prais'd.
- 9 Ye Unbelievers think not this,
Their Hearts must needs lift up with Pride,
When they the Saviour's Wounds do kiss,
And to his Father are allied.
- 10 No, no, this will not be the case
Of those, who cursed Sinners were ;
We know we are preserv'd by Grace,
And yet poor helpless Worms we are.
- 11 Talk not of Humbleness of Mind,
While you are rich in your own Eyes ;
The way to Bliss ye ne'er can find,
If ye the Sinner's Friend despise.
- 12 But Lord ! I know it is thy Grace,
Must open every blinded Eye
To see God's Glory in thy Face ;
And show each Soul its Misery.

- 13 Into thy tender Heart I look,
 And read therein thy Love to all :
 Thou who the World's Transgression took,
 Wilt in due Time thy Creatures call.
- 14 Thou by thy Spirit wilt maintain
 Thy Kingdom o'er the Hearts of Men ;
 When that shall set thee forth as slain,
 Whole Troops of Thieves must leave their Den.
- 15 When in thy Vesture, dipt in Blood
 To claim thy Right thou'lt conquering come,
 The strong Man arm'd which thee withstood,
 Must yield his Slave and find his Doom.
- 16 Then shall thy Angels joy above ;
 To see such Grace to Worms below,
 Thy Saints, poor Hearts, will melt with Love
 When one lost Soul thy Name doth know.
-

Hymn VI.

- 1 **I** NOTHING am, nought can I do,
 Nor know I rightly ought :
 But I a Feeling sweet have got,
 That I with Blood am bought.
- 2 The blessed Lamb has touch'd my Heart
 With his Soul-racking Pain,
 And let me see how vile I was,
 Since he must be so Slain.
- 3 Great and Almighty is the Lamb,
 His Name is wonderful ;
 When I am nothing, then he fills
 My poor and emptied Soul.
- 4 He has already done the Work,
 Nor left he ought for me,
 But Life eternal, Grace, and Joy,
 With perfect Liberty.

- 5 Wisdom and Knowledge was he then,
Before the World was fram'd ;
A Counsellor to teach the wise,
The holy Child was nam'd.
- 6 The Lamb is all, nor can I now
Something pretend to be,
For I have felt what Jesus did,
When bleeding on the Tree.
- 7 Appear before me in that Form,
Which lays one in the Dust ;
Come, Lamb, and take away all Sin,
That Pride, which sticks like Rust.
-

Hymn VII.

- 1 **S**INK down, my Soul, before the Lamb,
And keep the lowest Place ;
And thankful be that he vouchsaf'd
To give thee that by Grace.
- 2 What tho' all others which thou sees't,
Something for him can do ;
The more thou should'st adore his Love,
Which Grace to thee doth show.
- 3 May not the Owner freely pour
His Gifts where'er he will ;
Yet thou may'st rest within his Wounds,
And be his Sinner still.
- 4 Should'st thou by lying near his Heart,
Get further Strength from thence,
Perhaps he also may to thee
Some other Gifts dispense.
- 5 But all shall rest upon his Will,
'Tis he must make me fit ;
And also bring my ev'ry Thought
Before him to submit.

- 6 This is indeed what fain I would
In full Subjection have,
A bleeding Lamb : my Heart so watch,
That this I e'er may crave.
- 7 That I may slothfully not stop,
Till this I have obtain'd
Of thee, who by thy dearest Blood
All sorts of Blessings gain'd.
- 8 It is a Shame for any Soul,
Who calls thee her true Lord,
Not to be guided by thy Voice,
And with thy Will accord !
- 9 Since thou hast giv'n me Faith to say,
I'm pardon'd by thy Blood ;
O may my Life therewith agree,
And prove my glorying good.
- 10 For when I walk not to thy Mind,
My Heart doth me reprove ;
How can I meddle with one else,
When I so little love ?
- 11 Or would not any say to me,—
First what you recommend,
Let us see bear some Fruit in you,
Before you others send.
- 12 This Answer would indeed be just,
Nor could I ought reply :
Take then, Lord, from me what thou wilt
Down at thy Feet I lie.
- 14 O may I never thence depart,
But watch there Night and Day ;
And with deep Feeling of my Need,
In Truth unshaken pray.

Hymn VIII.

- 1 **T**O Ashes were I but consum'd
By that most burning Flame,
Which Jesus felt, when he for Sin,
An offering became.
- 2 Oh ! were I thus, it would appear
So just a Consequence,
None could deny that I had got
Redemption from thence.
- 3 Love so amazing must burn up
Each Heart of Adamant,
To see and feel what Jesus bore,
What Jesus underwent.
- 4 Such fiery Love will surely turn
The hardest Rocks to Dust ;
For Dust and Ashes only can
In Jesus rightly trust.
- 5 Who by Experience true is taught
That he all vileness is ;
Must blushing stand, that Jesus owns
Such wretched Souls for his.
- 6 When I reflect how often I
Have wander'd from the Way,
Where the redeemed walk, and from
My Saviour run astray ;
- 7 I am amaz'd, that he should seek
And bring me back again ;
Retouch my Heart, and stop my Course,
By showing me his Pain.
- 8 By showing what he once endur'd,
That I might live to him,
All torn and mangled he appears,
Sore wounded ev'ry Limb.

- 9 His sacred Body stain'd with Blood ;
And mark'd with many a Bruise ;
No sort of Grief, of Pain, and Shame,
For me he would refuse.
- 10 Ah, not the greatest ! when he felt
Such Agony of Soul,
He'd not unfinish'd leave the Work,
But he would do the whole.
- 11 This when he shows unto my Heart
With tender, loving Grace,
He brings me quickly to that Way,
Which doth his Feet embrace.
- 12 In Heav'n or Earth, my dearest Lamb,
O, there is none like thee !
Amongst thy ransom'd there is none—
O, there is none like me !
- 13 Since none a Saviour is but thou,
And none's so bad as I ;
Thou hast the strictest claim to me,
Whose Blood my Soul did buy.
- 14 O, fix this deeper in my Heart,
Nor let me from it rove ;
Constrain me by thy Power Divine,
Till all my Soul be Love.
- 15 Consume me in that Burning flame,
Which darts from ev'ry Wound ;
And overflow me with that Blood
Which keeps poor Sinners sound.

Hymn IX.

- 1 **F**OR all the mercy, Gracious Lord !
Which thou to me hast shown ;
O may my Heart with thanks rejoice,
That such a Worm thou'lt own.

- 2 Indeed, my Lamb, I am ashamed
That I so oft should grieve
Thy Holy Spirit, by whose Light
And Power I did believe.
- 3 Was I reliev'd in deep distress,
And can I ever slight
That small still voice which said to me,
Thou, thou art my Delight ?
- 4 O Jesus! let me ne'er forget,
As I in Bondage lay,
When thou set'st wide the Prison Door,
And called, Come, come away.
- 5 Amaz'd I was, and follow'd thee,
Scarce thinking it was true ;
But when I saw my ransom paid,
Then I my Freedom knew.
- 6 When I was sprinkled with thy Blood,
And in thy Robe array'd,
I walk'd on Earth at Liberty,
And was of nought afraid.
- 7 May I thy Grace no more abuse ;
O ! Pardon all that's past,
And wash away my ev'ry Guilt ;
Thy mercy e'er doth last.
- 8 My time misspent I would redeem ;
O pour down Streams of Grace,
And make me sober, watchful, strong,
Thy Blessing to embrace.
- 9 Wash and anoint my Heart, dear Lord,
With Blood, thy Blood so pure ;
So shall I sanctified be,
And Hardness shall endure.

- 10 Supply me with thy Strength Divine,
Be thou my joy in Pain ;
Thus will the Conquest all be thine,
Thy Child I shall remain.
-

Hymn X.

- 1 **O** JESUS Christ, preserve and guide
Me safely by thy Light ;
Display thy Riches in my Heart
According to thy Might.
- 2 Indeed, my Lamb! I am so poor,
That I thy Grace must seek ;
O let thy Arms of Love embrace
Me, who am faint and weak.
- 3 Thou art my tend'rest Friend, to thee
I open all my Grief ;
Thy Grace invites me to do so,
That thou may'st give relief.
- 4 I would, O Jesus! ever be
To thy just Will resign'd,
And be content in Suff'rings sharp,
Since I to thee am join'd.
- 5 Where my bad Nature does recoil,
There may thy Spirit rise,
And lead me cheerful thro' all straights ;
On thee be fix'd my Eyes.
- 6 Sweet Jesus, help the Soul thou'st bought,
Engrave thou in my Heart
Thy Bloody Figure on the Cross,
Thy Woe and racking Smart.
- 7 Stamp this lively, so that it may
Be constant felt by me ;
And let thy Work be still renew'd,
Till I shall come to thee.

- 8 O Lord, I know not what to ask—
Do thou teach me to pray:
Help my Infirmities, good Lord,
To seek thee Night and Day.
- 9 Each Day and Hour I want thy Help,
Each Moment of my Life:
Suppress all carnal Reasonings,
And silence Nature's Strife.
- 10 Do, thou, Dear Lamb, my Heart so watch,
That not one seed may grow,
Which may be shook from the old stock,
When Storms against me blow.
- 11 Blow with thy Spirit's searching Wind,
And let it find no Rest
To lurk one Moment to defile,
Or reign within my Breast.
- 12 My Nature is corrupt within ;
Without, my Foes assail ;
The Cause yet lies within myself,
When those without prevail.
- 13 Do thou but counterwork those Plots,
Which 'gainst my Soul are laid:
I on thy Love can venture all,
Which makes me not afraid.
- 14 O Saviour! clear up to my Heart
What is to me obscure ;
And keep me waiting for thy Word,
Whose promise stands most sure.
- 15 Thou know'st I've Need of Patience great,
And see'st how sore I'm tried:
To thee alone I look for Help,
Which stedfast will abide.

- 16 My Confidence is rightly fix'd,
 'Tis anchor'd on a Rock,
 Where living Springs so strengthen me,
 No forces can me shock.
- 17 Those living Springs so strengthen me,
 When I athirst do drink,
 That I on nothing else besides
 A gracious Lamb, can think.
- 18 He then as slain, before mine Eyes
 Triumphantly appears ;
 And all those Blessings he has gain'd,
 Quite free my Soul from Fears.
- 19 The glorious Lamb is my Delight,
 He is my pow'ful God,
 Who in my Weakness gives me Strength,
 Thro' his atoning Blood.
-

Hymn XI.

- 1 **F**OR ever! Oh, how sweet's the word!
 To be for ever with the Lord:
 This Hope my Soul in Comfort keeps
 When, with Distress, my Eye e'en weeps.
- 2 When I on Zion's Daughters think,
 My wasted Spirits lower sink ;
 But all my sufferings soon shall end,
 And I to my Dear Lamb ascend.
- 3 For a few Days the Flesh may smart,
 Perhaps for ten; yet kind's the Heart
 Of him, who chastens for my Good:
 My Saviour's Sweat was Drops of Blood.
- 4 Since he declined not that Cup,
 May I be willing to take up
 That Cross, which he appoints to bear ;
 To strengthen me he will take care.

- 5 O Lord! if in the Fire I'm tried,
Do thou but in my Heart abide;
Then shall it all my Dross consume,
And I be kept by my Bridegroom.
- 6 When thro' the Waters I shall pass,
Let me but taste thy Truth and Grace;
Then Fear shall vanish, while thy Hand
Shall lead, and bring me safe to Land.
- 7 Whate'er thou dost for me ordain,
Do thou but make it very plain;
Let me not stumble at thy Word,
But be obedient to my Lord.
- 8 What yet I see not, teach thou me;
Explain thy Kingdom's Mystery;
Shew me, Dear Saviour, where I'm wrong:
My Faith is weak, Oh make it strong.
- 9 Uphold me in thy Arm's Embrace,
And all my Foes before me chase,
Since I more vile than others be,
Shew forth thy Pow'r in helping me.
- 10 Sweet Jesus, let me not depart
One moment from thy bleeding Heart:
But when I am the most opprest,
Draw me within thy Wounds to rest.
- 11 Where by thy Teaching, Love, and Care,
Thy Nature I shall also share,
And by that blessed Union be
Clothed with true Humility.
- 12 O fill my Soul with humble Shame
For what thy Eyes, so pure, must blame,
And let thy precious, sacred Blood,
Ease all my Pain, O Lamb of God.

- 13 The Power of thy Blood to feel,
 Will ev'ry Malady soon heal ;
 Then give me but thy Blood to drink,
 And from no Trials shall I shrink.
-

Hymn XII.

- COME, soft, gentle Wind,
 Thy Breath let me find,
 Blowing up that Spark
 Which lies in my Bosom, till no Part be Dark.
- 2 Throughout my whole Frame,
 Spread such a strong Flame,
 To give constant Light ;
 That I may not stumble, like those of the Night.
- 3 O breathe from above
 That Spirit of Love,
 Which all things endures ;
 O Jesus ! thy Blood my Petition insures.
- 4 Thy Blood, shed for me,
 Unites me to thee,
 And all my Desire
 Is, that my whole Heart may be purg'd with thy Fire.
- 5 Consume all my Dross,
 I yield to my Cross,
 Tho' painful it be ;
 The Pain is much sharper when I displease thee.
- 6 For shameful is this,
 Thy Wounds I should kiss,
 And then run away,
 When thy gentle Precepts I glad should obey.
- 7 This too oft I've done,
 O Lamb ! God's own Son,
 Who so dear hath bought
 A poor wretched Sinner, who for thee does nought.

Since this is my Case,
Renew by thy Grace,
What else must decay;
O make me, then, fruitful from this very Day !

9 Sweet Lamb, feed thou me
In my Poverty,
That I may so grow,
That others may ask me, how camest thou so.

10 Then I will reply,
My Saviour did die,
And rose from the Grave ;
His Blood and his Spirit to me he then gave.

11 O gentle, dear Lamb !
Thou tak'st all my Shame,
And giv'st me such Peace,
That I of thy Goodness to speak cannot cease.

12 I died in thy Death,
I live by thy Breath ;
To thee am I join'd ;
O make me in all Things to be of thy Mind.

13 For helpless I am,
But kept by my Lamb
From Care and sad Fear ;
When Clouds do black gather thy Light shews thee
near.

14 Thy Light to behold
Enlivens the cold,
And flames in the Heart ; [art.
Which shows how bright, glorious, and lovely thou

15 To see thee stoop down
And wear a sharp Crown
And meekly be scorn'd,
That I with thy Righteousness might be adorn'd.

16 O this is a Sight
 Which conquers me quite,
 And lays me so low, [flow.
 That all thy Blood-Stream my poor Heart will o'er-

Hymn XIII.

1 **M**Y Soul praise his Name,
 Who graciously came
 To satisfy all,
 And ev'ry Demand which e'er on thee can fall.

2 O speak of his Grace,
 In ev'ry Place,
 As Wisdom shall guide,
 And close by that Teaching most faithful abide.

3 And ever beware
 That dangerous Snare
 Of Strife and Debate ;
 For Wisdom is gentle, but Strife causeth Hate.

4 Where Souls will dispute,
 There Silence will suit,
 For who can convince [since.
 But Christ's Spirit, which hath taught thee not long

5 Rest satisfied then,
 And thank him again,
 That he has shewn thee
 What Blessings he gain'd when he hung on the Tree.

6 Learn closely to keep
 To that Myst'ry deep ;
 And say what thou wilt
 To him who hath pardon'd and wash'd thee from Guilt.

7 O lie at his feet ;
 Sweet Manna there eat,
 And suck from his Wounds,
 Till Glory and Blessing thy Heart quite surrounds.

8 When that is inflam'd
And something asham'd,
Then speak to thy Friend ;
For he was so humbled and died for this End.

9 Remove not from thence ;
With all Diligence
His Teaching attend,
When he by his Spirit Instruction doth send.

10 Of Blood he will preach,
His Righteousness teach,
Which only is true:
All this he most clearly and surely will do.

11 He thee will remind
Of what oft I find,
To my Grief and Shame,
I am so forgetful, the Death of the Lamb.

12 His Death and his Blood
Are my sweetest Good ;
I therefore now pray
Of this to remember me he ever may.

13 O Lamb, at thy feet
I inly entreat,
Of me take such Care,
That I of thy Blessings yet more may declare.

14 O keep thou my Heart
In Ease, Joy, and Smart,
Quite sunk in thy Blood,
So will thy kind Providence work for my Good.

15 In Truth lead me on
And farther make known
What darkly I see,
Give strength for to bear it, sweet Lamb, speedily.

16 But in thy Blood-Stream,
My Soul-saving Theme,
O keep me so sure,
That I to the End thy poor Child may endure.

Hymn XIV.

1 **T**HE Blood of the Lamb
Doth Sinners inflame,
And stirs in their Hearts ;
All Graces and Blessings it surely imparts.

2 'Tis Sinners indeed,
Who gladly give Heed
To his Blood and Wounds,
Which with sweetest Harmony Pardon resounds.

3 Who strays in the Dark,
And sees but a Spark,
Or small, glim'ring Light,
Will haste to press to it, and keeps it in Sight.

4 Or is one diseas'd ;
Who would not be pleas'd,
To be well assur'd
That if he beg for it, he soon should be cur'd ?

5 Just thus is the Case
Of Souls lost and base,
When Jesus they see,
And hear he redeem'd them on the shameful tree.

6 The Sight and the Sound
Of his Blood and Wound
Such Vigour doth give,
That Sinners will come his free Grace to receive.

7 For Sinners alone,
Whom Guilt makes to groan,
Can taste the Lamb's Blood ;
And feel all their Burden is sunk in that Flood.

8 They then walk upright,
On him fix their Sight,
And yield up their Hearts, [Smarts.
Since he hath redeemed them by his Death and

9 Oh ! why will one doubt ?
Turn, turn ye about,
Behold the Lamb slain,
And cease not beholding till Faith you obtain.

10 If by him you'll stay,
He'll teach you to pray
From feeling of need ;
And also assure you he for you did bleed.

11 But if you neglect
What he doth expect ;
And for yourself choose, [cuse.
There's nought but his Spirit your Hearts can ac-

12 When that enters in
And shows you what's Sin,
Then gladly you'll turn,
And for your Offence will most heartily mourn.

13 For Mourners Christ loves
And never reproves,
But only to bless,
And cause Souls to hunger for his Righteousness.

14 For did not he shew,
No one e'er could know
How sad was their State,
And thus would neglect their Salvation so great.

15 For great it appears
To Souls sunk in Fears,
That by the Lamb's Blood
All Sins are forgiven, and Peace made with God.

- 16 That who this believes
 The Father receives,
 And owns for his Child ;
 • His Spirit bears Witness I am reconciled.

17 And also doth cry,
 My Father, deny
 Not what I now need,
 Because thy beloved for me did so bleed.

18 All Praises to thee,
 O Lamb, who for me
 So willingly died:
 My Joy and my Glory is Christ crucified.

Hymn XV.

1 **H**APPY the Poor and Base,
 Who feel their wretched Case,
 And eager press for Grace ;
 These doth our Saviour love:
 Happy the rich and high,
 When Law condemns to die,
 If they to Jesus fly
 And his sweet Mercy prove.

2 Happy the dead fast bound,
 If, when they hear the Sound
 Of Jesu's Blood and Wound,
 They can in Heart believe:
 Happy the worst of all,
 When at our Saviour's Call,
 They down before him fall ;
 He'll surely them receive.

• 3 Happy is every one,
 Tho' cold as any Stone,
 And Sense of Sin have none,
 When Jesus doth him touch:

Happy the merry Heart,
When they awake in Smart,
And find in Christ a Part,
And say there's Grace for such.

- 4 Happy and truly blest
Is ev'ry Soul, whose Rest
Is Jesu's faithful Breast,
And swim in his pure Blood.
Happy, thrice happy they,
Who praise him Night and Day,
And ever to him say,
I wish no other Good.

- 5 Happy are all, whose Need
Drive to the Lord with Speed,
And his mild Teaching heed,
And to that faithful prove:
Happy the lame and blind,
When Grace on them hath shin'd,
And to the Lamb they're join'd
And taste his tender Love.

- 6 Happy are they, whose Eyes
All other Things despise,
But that sweet Sacrifice
Of Jesu's precious Blood:
Happy where'er they are;
They see the Saviour fair;
Nought can with him compare,
Who is my Lord and God.

- 7 Happy may quickly be
All Souls of each Degree;
The Lamb can set them free
From all their Pain and Guilt.
O happy then for those,
Who nought of Jesus knows,
That he new Hearts bestows;
For them his Blood he spilt.

Hymn XVI

- 1 **O** TENDER Lord! dear slaughter'd Lamb!
Bestow more Grace on me;
Behold my Wants and Indigence,
My Sin and Misery.
I do and must thy Love admire,
That thou from Darkness brought
So vile a Wretch, and by thy Death
The Way to God hath taught.
- 2 O Lord, I must adore thy Grace,
Which taught me this so clear,
That I o'er sprinkled with thy Blood,
No Wrath of God can fear.
I owe my Life, my Liberty,
My all and ev'ry Good,
To that sweet smelling Sacrifice,
Thy Body and thy Blood.
- 3 I owe the Knowledge of thy Grace
Unto thy tender Love,
When in my harden'd Unbelief
The Veil thou didst remove.
Some may all Myst'ries understand,
'Tis sure I little know;
Yet I esteem this Knowledge great,
Thy Blood for me did flow.
- 4 This, tho' so small it may appear
To blinded Hearts and Eyes;
Yet to poor Sinners 'tis so sweet,
They nought can higher prize:
Oh what a mad and wretched World
Is this wherein I dwell!
Happy for me, sweet slaughter'd Lamb,
That I in thee am well.

- 5 For sure I know, and see, and feel
This Work was none of mine :
All Praises then are due to thee,
Since, Jesus! all was thine :
I to this Moment e'er have found,
That nought I could obtain
By all my Strife and Restlessness,
But what thou didst ordain.
- 6 Thou surely dost ordain for me
That which the best shall prove ;
Oh! that I could so humble be,
To yield up to thy Love!
And leave to thee with Willingness,
To order ev'ry Thing,
And lay my Wants close to thy Heart,
My bleeding Priest and King.
- 7 I would surrender up my Heart
Entirely to my Lord,
Who in my blackest Infamy
Never my Soul abhorr'd :
Oh! how unwearied did I run
In all the Paths of Sin,
Till by thy Grace thou call'dst me back,
Thy Wounds my Heart did win.
- 8 Indeed, dear Lamb! I am amaz'd
At all thy Love and Grace,
Abide, and purify my Heart,
Make it thy resting Place :
According to thy Mercy, Lord,
Let it adorned be ;
Thy bleeding Wounds be my Delight
Here, and eternally.



Hymn XVII.

- 1 **P**ROVIDE for me, dear Lord, a Place,
And give me such sufficient Grace,
That I thy Call obey:
Impart to me a lowly Mind,
That I a Happiness may find,
To do what thou shalt say.
- 2 Where'er the Cloud on me abides,
There may I rest, whate'er besides :
Nor stir till I have Light :
Suffer me not to question why
Thou hold'st me from Society ;
But feel thou actest right.
- 3 Yet give me, Lord, a watchful Eye,
That I thy Brightness may espy,
Whenever it appears ;
That quick I rise and follow thee
In Faith and Love's Sincerity,
And cast away all Fears.
- 4 Why thou dost this, that doest not,
Is to our Reason such a Knot,
That it can ne'er untie :
Reason, corrupted by the Fall,
Would fain thro' Pride unravel all,
Or else will question, Why ?
- 5 Dear Lamb, that Faculty restrain ;
For it has got so deep a stain
By Sin original,
That oft it pushes at me sore,
And Things presents behind, before,
When, if I yield, I fall.
- 6 O Flesh, thou deadly Enemy,
What Thing can be compared with thee
For Mischief and Deceit ?

- Not the old Dragon could prevail ;
Wast thou not glad to hear his Tale,
He quickly would retreat.
- 7 But thou art ever on his Side,
Whose gaping Mouth is open'd wide,
And seeks thee to devour :
O wretched State of sinful Man !
But for Believers, Jesus can
And will step in with Pow'r.
- 8 This miserable Flesh his Might
Holds in Subjection, tho' it fight,
And struggle long in vain :
For when I find it stir and move,
He doth the troubled Sea reprove,
Whene'er I but complain.
- 9 Then for his Blood I thirst the more.
And ev'ry grievous Wound and Sore
In his dear Body kiss :
Then I perceive how vile I am
And heartily can thank my Lamb,
That he would bleed for this !
- 10 Then doth his Blood taste wond'rous sweet
When I fall down beneath his Feet
In all my Sin and Shame :
Then can I know I do believe,
When Consolation I receive
From the atoning Lamb.
- 11 These are the Fruits to prove my Faith,
My Confidence in Jesu's Death
My conscience doth discharge
From ev'ry Sin, that can condemn,
Since the sweet Blood of my good Lamb
Hath made Atonement large.

- 12 When nought of Goodness I do see,
But much of my Iniquity ;
Then am I blest and glad ;
Why am I glad ? but that I know
When his atoning Blood did flow,
My Debts were fully paid.
-

Hymn XVIII.

- 1 **Q**UICKLY, quickly, shall I be
Deliver'd from all Misery ;
And enter into Rest.
The Day, the joyful Day will come,
When I shall meet my dear Bridegroom,
And be for ever blest.
- 2 On him I'll think and look the while,
His bloody Sweat will ease the Toil,
That I sometimes may feel :
His Pain the sharpest far exceeds,
His bruised Soul with Anguish bleeds ;
This Balm my Grief doth heal.
- 3 Should he in Wisdom seem to leave
Me to my self, I then believe,
That he is with me still :
No Clouds of Darkness shall divide,
Or keep me from his wounded Side ;
He'll surely work his Will.
- 4 Tho' he a while my Suit should stay,
I well remember he did pray,
That ne'er my faith should fail :
To thee, O Jesus, close I cleave,
Who didst poor helpless souls relieve ;
No Foe can now prevail.
- 5 O glorious Saviour ! sweet's the Grace,
Which thou bestow'st on one so base,
So helpless as I am :

Sweet Lamb, thy Mercy has no End,
Thou art the Sinner's faithful Friend,
My tender, bleeding Lamb.

- 6 How can thy Love and Patience bear
My Stubbornness, and little Care
So kind a Lord to please?
In Pity to a Heart so hard,
For thy great Name! my State regard,
In Shame e'er give me Ease.
- 7 Did not thy Blood so plain appear,
Was not thy Righteousness so clear
Unto my sinful Heart,
I in Confusion now should be,
When I must great Corruption see,
Nought else could ease my Smart.
- 8 But, dearest Jesus, in thy Face
I see the Glory of thy Grace;
My Heart doth taste thee kind;
Array'd in thy Blood-sprinkl'd Dress,
I feel the sweetest Blessedness,
That I to thee am join'd.
- 9 Here is my Soul with wonder fill'd,
That I, vile Sinner, should be styl'd
By Grace, a Child of God,
Who from my Saviour oft hath stray'd,
And his kind Teaching disobey'd;
Yet still the Lamb is good.
- 10 His Love eternal does remain,
For my Offences was he slain,
My Advocate he stands:
His Blood before the Throne he pleads,
Which there atones for my Misdeeds,
All Power is in his Hands!

- 11 His loving Father gave him me,
 A Priest to feel Infirmary,
 That he might gracious prove :
 He whom the Angels worshipped,
 A painful Life of Sorrows led !
 Amazing Scene of Love !
- 12 And can he now my Soul forsake,
 When I his Wounds my Refuge make,
 Tho' I so oft offend ?
 No sure ; for could I perfect be,
 I need not there for Shelter flee,
 Nor prize the Sinner's Friend.
- 13 Sweet to my Soul indeed is this,
 That Sinners may their Saviour kiss,
 And cleanse them in his Blood :
 His Blood for Sinners vile is free,
 For ev'ry Sinner, who with me
 Believes the Lamb is God.
-

Hymn XIX.

- 1 **A**BOVE yon starry Sky
 He reigns exalted high,
 Whom men did crucify,
 Reject, revile, and scorn :
 The Everlasting came
 To take my Guilt and Shame,
 While Angels did proclaim
 The Lord a Saviour born.
- 2 In Meditation sweet,
 The Word of Life I eat,
 And kiss Emmanuel's Feet
 For all his tender Love :
 Astonish'd there I lie,
 That He, my God, should die
 For such a Wretch as I,
 And still so gracious prove.

3 Here Nature's Light must end,
Which ne'er can comprehend
Why Jesus, my dear Friend,
Such Favour shews to me ;
He does the Truth unfold,
Which Man could ne'er have told,
"That He to Death was sold,
"That I might happy be."

4 Th' eternal God would bleed,
That he his Sheep might feed,
And also intercede,
As their High-Priest and Head.
To Him I freely go,
None else can love me so,
As He whose Blood did flow,
And for my Sins was dead.

Hymn XX.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of Grace, your King come view,
In Royal Robes of Shame and Scorn,
Behold the Crown of rugged Thorn
That sacred Head now wears for you.
- 2 Behold th' Affronts your Lord endures,
Hurried and dragg'd from Place to Place ;
Behold th' Afflictions, the Disgrace
He feels, to gain those Souls of yours.
- 3 Behold his Forehead mangled o'er
With bloody Wounds and ghastly Scars,
See his disorder'd ruffled Hairs
Matted with Dust and clotted Gore.
- 4 Behold what Furrows in his Flesh
On Breast, Neck, Back, the Scourge has made ;
In Robes of Mockery array'd,
And bound in Chains, Him view afresh !

- 5 Look! Look! how stooping there he goes,
Quite crush'd beneath the Cross's Weight,
Behold Him in this wretched Plight
Sink to the Earth o'erwhelm'd with Woes!
- 6 O Thou most poor afflicted Heart!
Thou Heart of Love and Faithfulness!
Who can behold thy deep Distress
And not melt down with inward Smart?
- 7 Thy bitter Passion, O my Lamb!
Within my Heart still finds a Place,
Oh! Let me share in thy Disgrace
By suff'ring for thy Word and Name.
-

Hymn XXI.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Love decreed
A spotless Lamb should bleed,
That Sinners might be freed
From Curse and Punishment;
'Tis done! 'tis done! 'tis done!
Vile Rebels back are won,
'Twas God's almighty Son
Our Penance underwent.
- 2 The gracious Word was made
Flesh, and our Ransom paid,
When all our Sins were laid
On Him upon the Tree!
When all was finished,
And He rose from the Dead,
He his Disciples led
As far as Bethany.
- 3 First He to them explain'd
The Things which appertain'd,
To the Redemption gain'd
By his most sacred Blood;

Sending them forth to teach,
And Sin's Remission preach,
Far as the Earth should reach,
To spread these Tidings good.

- 4 Then in the Sight of all
Whom He vouchsaf'd to call,
Whilst they in Worship fall,
Did He to Heav'n ascend ;
Where on the Throne of Grace,
In the most Holy Place,
He sits, for Sinners' Race,
A Saviour, Priest, and Friend !

- 5 The Gospel History,
Exalted Mystery !
Is a sweet Ministry
To my poor wretched Heart ;
I, in my youthful State,
Ne'er felt the Pow'r and Weight
Of thy exceeding great
Love, Shame, and bitter Smart.

- 6 Vain were all Ways beside,
Which I poor Sinner try'd,
My Nakedness to hide ;
A Spider's Web I wrought,
No Garment could I make,
My Work thy Breath did break ;
Oh ! how did I then shake,
Till Grace Deliv'rance brought.

- 7 I hardly durst believe,
Thou could'st the Worst receive,
And by thy Grace relieve
So hard a Heart as mine !
But Jesus, full of Grace,
Saw my so guilty Case,
And then did me embrace,
And cleanse with Blood divine.

- 8 The Glory all is his!
A Shame for me it is,
That for such Love as this,
I should not faithful be ;
Or e'er feel Discontent,
Fret at his Government,
When He by Suff'rings went
To purchase Peace for me.
- 9 Sweet Jesus! may thy Blood
O'erstream me like a Flood,
Till all which thee withstood,
Obeys thy Holy Will ;
Thy Wounds in Hands and Feet,
And Side, be ever sweet,
That there I may retreat,
And dwell secure from Ill.
- 10 There may I watch and pray,
And grow in Grace each Day,
And thankfully there stay,
'Till thou me hence shalt call ;
Then will it be my Gain,
To go to Thee so slain,
Ever with Thee remain,
Before thy Throne to fall.
- 11 Where happy I shall be
Thro' all Eternity,
And sing with Company
A Song that's always new !
The pardon'd Sinners' Choir
With praising ne'er can tire,
But ever must admire
Him, to whom Honour's due.
- 12 Till Thou my Soul translate,
While here my Change I wait,
On Thee I'll meditate,
Adored, wounded Lamb !

Oh! guide me by that Light,
Which shines from Thee so bright,
And make my Heart upright,
Thy Will be all my Aim!

Hymn XXII.

- 1 **I**T was a Grace amazing free,
That thou wouldst shew thyself to me,
As wounded for my Sin!
'Twas thy dear Wounds my Guilt reveal'd,
Thy streaming Blood as Balsam heal'd,
Absolv'd, and wash'd me clean.
- 2 Oh! I remember my sad State
The bitter Enmity and Hate
Which in my Heart I felt:
O dearest Jesus! then thy Grace
Would show me, when so dead and base,
How Thou the worst canst melt.
- 3 I well remember, all my Pain,
My Toil and Labour were but vain,
Till Thou didst Pardon give:
Sweet was thy Pardon to my Soul,
My Sin-sick Heart was soon made whole,
By Grace, free Grace, I live.
- 4 O may this Grace yet melt me more,
And keep me always vile and poor,
Right humbled by thy Blood:
May I so feel my Wretchedness,
That I may want and find thy Grace,
And cleave to thee, my God.
- 5 Thy Blood and Wounds be my Delight;
Display them ever to my Sight,
And strengthen my weak Eyes,

That I may constantly behold
That Form, wherein my Lord was sold,
And hear his Groans and Cries.

6 This Light and Sound my Heart will touch,
That he for me should bear so much,
Who's the true Lord of all!
The everlasting Father He,
The God from all Eternity,
Before whose Wounds I fall.

7 But as the Godhead must affright,
And dazzle a poor Sinner's Sight,
He veil'd it in our Flesh:
There we may see him to our Joy,
There we may Heart and Mind employ,
And 'twill our Souls refresh.

8 The Meditation on his Wounds,
And on that Grace, which there abounds,
And centres in his Blood:
This does poor Sinners happy keep:
The Shepherd here doth feed his Sheep,
They rest in Pasture good.

9 They know his Voice, he knows each Name;
Had he not call'd, they ne'er had came,
Or on their Owner thought:
He call'd them, only to forgive,
And that they might from Him receive,
The Righteousness he brought.

10 The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
Who is my Advocate and Priest,
Most fully suits my Needs:
I know for me his Blood was shed,
I know he is my faithful Head,
And for me intercedes.

Hymn XXIII.

- 1 **T**HE slaughter'd Lamb is my Defence,
Within his Wounds secure I hide ;
While there I keep my Residence,
Most strongly am I fortify'd.
- 2 No fiery Dart from subtlest Foe
Can hurt me in the sacred Place,
No Terrors can I undergo,
But shall be well supply'd with Grace.
- 3 Since I this Truth so oft have prov'd,
Oh what a wretched Frame have I
From thence one Moment to be mov'd,
Or from my Saviour turn my Eye.
- 4 What is so lovely to my Soul,
As thy dear Wounds, my gracious Lamb!
Which do all Tumults quick controul,
And all within, in Storms, make calm.
- 5 Thy precious Blood all Blessings gives,
To warm the Heart, the Spirit cheer,
Thy Blood at once all Wants relieves:
The fainting Sinner feels 'tis dear.
- 6 What a reviving, quick'ning Sound
Is the atoning Ransom Price
To me, and all who are unbound
By the most costly Sacrifice!
- 7 That I its Power may fully prove,
Is what, sweet Lamb! I ask of thee :
Thou, who to Death my Soul didst love,
Wilt not deny this Grace to me.
- 8 To me, who live but by thy Power!
Supported by Thee do I stand ;
Thy Wounds are a strong Rock and Tow'r,
Which hides me in a weary Land.

- 9 There is my Nourishment so sweet!
Thy Love provides the kind Repast;
Give me but Appetite to eat,
And I shall Earth and Heav'n outlast.
-

Hymn XXIV.

- 1 **T**HE Cross, the Cross, O that's my Gain!
Because on that the Lamb was slain;
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
'Twas there the Saviour for me died.
- 2 What wondrous Cause could move thy Heart,
To take on thee my Curse and Smart?
When thou fore-knewest I should be
So cold and negligent t'wards thee?
- 3 The cause was Love, I sink with Shame
Before thy sacred Jesu's Name,
That thou should'st bleed and slaughter'd be,
Because, because thou lovedst me.
- 4 Thou lovedst me: O boundless Grace!
Who can such wondrous mercy trace?
I, who unfaithful, foolish am,
Yet find thee still a patient Lamb.
- 5 To thy red Cross I lift mine eyes,
That is the Tree will make me wise;
That is a Tree of Knowledge good,
Evil was drown'd in Jesu's Blood.
- 6 The bloody Cross that bears a Fruit,
Which does poor hungry Sinners suit;
It is a Tree of Life for all,
Who're doom'd to death in Adam's fall.
- 7 See what a deep-dy'd red it bears!
Look, how that Nail my Saviour tears!
Stain'd and besmear'd with Blood divine,
There hangs the King from David's Line.

- 8 Here will I stay and gaze a while
On thee, thou Friend of Sinners vile;
I'll look and see what I have done
To God's eternal, gracious Son.
- 9 Lord, what is Man, and what am I,
That thou shouldst such a Creature buy,
And seal my Ransom with thy Blood,
Languishing, melting on the Wood?
- 10 Here is an Ensign on a Hill!
Come hither, Sinners! look your fill;
To look aside is Pain and Loss,
I'll glory only in the Cross.
- 11 I'll live and dwell by this blest flood,
The flowing Stream of Jesu's Blood;
That Blood which he, in tender Love,
To shed, did leave his Throne above.
- 12 Here in a Glass I fix my Eye,
The glory of the Lord t'espy;
'Tis by beholding, I shall be
Chang'd to his Image who lov'd me.
- 13 His Glory did the Lord proclaim,
When Moses pray'd to see the same;
"Before thee shall my Goodness pass,
"But thou can'st not behold my Face."
- 14 But we with open Face behold
The Glory which before was told,
Should be reveal'd when Jesus died;
We look upon him crucified.
- 15 No flaming Sword doth guard this Place,
The bloody Cross proclaims Free-grace;
No other way can Heaven win,
All by the Cross must enter in.

Hymn XXV.

- 1 **A**LL Glory be to God on high !
Ye sons of Adam, fill the Sky
With Praise and Thankfulness :
God from an everlasting Love,
Decreed with his dear Son above,
A sinful World to bless.
 - 2 Stand still, and see what God hath done ;
He had but one beloved Son,
And him He freely gave :
For whom was this ? but for a Race
Of cursed Sinners, vile and base ;
Yet all He came to save.
 - 3 All Glory to th' Eternal Son,
That He most freely did put on
Our Flesh and Misery :
That He our God, a Man was made,
And bore our curse, our Ransom paid,
By bleeding on the Tree.
 - 4 He as a poor mean child was born,
His Birth no Palace did adorn,
A Manger was his Bed :
Look, look upon this rising Sun,
Till Tears of Love the Eyes o'errun,
This Babe is Christ our Head.
-

Hymn XXVI.

- 1 **H**OW can a Sinner hear these Words ;
Grace, Jesus, Blood, and Wounds,
And not discern that Harmony
Which from each Word resounds.
- 2 For, oh ! 'tis ravishing and sweet
Unto a Sinner true,
When Jesus says, I wounded was,
And bled to Death for you.

- 3 O can such Grace be e'er forgot,
'Twas Love which spoke in Blood ;
The wounded Lamb will still be dear
To ev'ry Child of God.
 - 4 But those who say they Sinners are,
Without the Sense of Guilt,
Can ne'er rejoice in Jesu's Blood,
Which was for Sinners spilt.
 - 5 Is nothing to be done for such
A poor, dead, wretched Man ?
Yes, Jesu's Grace must touch his Heart ;
There's nothing else e'er can.
 - 6 All have by Nature such hard Hearts ;
I was the very same,
Till Jesus call'd me by his Grace,
And let me know his Name.
 - 7 O precious Grace, and pierced Wounds !
O bless'd atoning Blood !
Sweet Jesus ! still appear to me,
And give me daily Food.
-

Hymn XXVII.

- 1 **O** WORTHY Lamb ! what endless Store
Of Blessings from thy Wounds flow o'er,
To me, unworthy, poor and base,
Made bless'd and happy in thy Grace.
- 2 Can I enough think on that Blood,
Which Day and Night I find so good ?
Thy Blood will ev'ry Grief assuage,
Throughout my earthly Pilgrimage.
- 3 Can I enough adore Thy Love,
In bringing me thy Grace to prove,
When such vast Numbers loudly say,
Christ saves those only which obey ?

- 4 My dearest Lamb! I know I ought
To live to thee, who hast me bought :
But my obedience nothing brings,
Adoption from thy Blood still springs.
- 5 Then can a Child of God e'er say
"I work and labour for my Pay?"
Can he forget his Ransom-Price,
The Saviour's bloody Sacrifice?
- 6 O dear Redeemer, gracious Lord !
What gentle Force comes from this Word,
Thy Blood ! Thy Blood once shed for me ;
Is my sweet Law of Liberty.
- 7 No Threat'nings need be us'd to those,
Who in that Blood find sweet Repose ;
The Law is written in their Heart ;
Whene'er they slip, they feel great Smart.
- 8 Yes ! they feel Smart ; yet without dread,
The members look up to their Head ;
They know the Virtue of his Blood,
And thankful wash in that pure Flood.
-

Hymn XXVIII.

- 1 **I**S there a thing beneath the Sky
Can Comfort give, or satisfy
But my dear Saviour's Wounds?
There is a sweet and constant Peace,
A Treasure hid of richest Grace,
All else are empty Sounds.
- 2 Yet sink, my Soul, fall down with Shame
Before his Face, who only came
To suffer, bleed, and die ;
O think upon thy Sin and Guilt,
For which his precious Blood was spilt,
Thou didst him crucify.

- 3 See, thou vile Piece of sinful Dust,
Thy dearest Lord sweat for thy Lust,
Till Drops of Blood fall down ;
See who it is lies prostrate there,
Hear his thrice utter'd mournful Prayer,
Mark ev'ry Sigh and Groan.
- 4 I'm lost in Wonder and Amaze,
Here I'll abide, and melt, and gaze,
'Tis God's beloved Son !
How heavy is that Weight he bears,
His Soul's oppress'd with Grief and Fears,
The bitter Cup comes on.
- 5 Lord, dost thou suffer thus for me ?
Dost Thou feel all this Misery,
To give me Life and Peace ?
Then will I bear this on my Heart,
"My all is purchas'd with thy Smart,"
Thy Blood signs my Release.
- 6 But see thy Lord dragg'd like a Thief,
For thee he bore this Shame and Grief,
Taunts, Buffetings, and Stripes :
See him nail'd to the Cross's Wood,
Despis'd by Man, and bath'd in Blood !
Thy Debt away this wipes.
- 7 Yet look again, and thou shalt see,
O'er Death he gets the Victory,
And stands at God's Right Hand,
A Priest for ever to remain,
The Lamb from everlasting slain ;
His Kingdom fast shall stand.
- 8 Behold, in Heav'n all bow the Knee,
To him who hung upon the Tree,
And Adoration pay :

Then, O my Soul, do thou aspire
In Heart and Mind to join this Choir
And thy dear Lord obey.

Hymn XXIX.

- 1 **B**LOOD of the venerable Lamb !
My Heart nought else can say ;
Since 'tis by that, and only that,
My Sins are wash'd away.
 - 2 'Tis with that Blood that I am bought
From Curse, and Death, and Hell ;
'Tis with that Blood I'm sanctified,
Made meet in Heav'n to dwell.
 - 3 Then what but Blood should fill my Heart,
Since 'tis by Blood I live ?
Since 'tis the Gift the Father sent,
When He his Son did give ?
 - 4 'Twas by his Blood the Son me bought,
For me Salvation gain'd ;
And not me only, but all Souls
Of ev'ry Age and Land.
 - 5 Then come, ye Sinners ! come and dip
In Jesu's precious Blood,
'Twill cleanse from sinful Leprosy,
And make all fresh and good.
 - 6 O ! it exceeds Bethesda far,
And Jordan-River's Stream,
And Siloam's Pool, and all Things else ;
Come wash, and you'll be clean.
-

Hymn XXX.

- 1 **O** GOD unsearchable ! Thy Rays
Shine in my Heart with such strong Blaze,
Which shews the Riches of thy Grace,
Sweetly display'd in Jesu's Face !

- 2 Great God ! how dreadful was Thy Name
Until the God Man Saviour came !
How can a Sinner e'er know Thee,
Before Thy Son hath made him free !
- 3 O tender Mercy, glorious Grace,
To save a curs'd and damned Race !
To give Thy equal only Son,
To bleed and die for Slaves undone.
- 4 What sinful Worm can know this right,
Till 'tis reveal'd by Thy own Light ;
Our Hearts are hard, and dark, and blind,
Till Jesu's Grace on them has shin'd.
- 5 We then astonish'd see Thy Love,
And Thy great Mercy know and prove,
O Joy unspeakable ! all bright
The Day Star shines ! past is the Night.
- 6 With sweetest Grace the Gospel sounds,
And flames forth Love in Jesu's Wounds ;
What stronger pledge of Love could be ?
Behold the bloody shameful Tree !
- 7 Can any Ill distress my Heart,
Since God with his own Son did part ?
Whate'er I want can't be denied,
Because for me the Lamb has died.
- 8 Who can condemn now Christ has died ;
I by His Blood am justified ;
He ever lives to intercede,
And send me Help in ev'ry Need.
- 9 What can me separate from this,
The Love of Christ and peaceful Bliss ?
Shall Tribulation, or Distress,
Shall any Trials more or less ?

- 10 No ; I in all Things e'er shall prove
 Conqu'rer through Him who did me love ;
 My Lord has got the Victory,
 Sufficient is his Grace for me.
- 11 O Love unbounded ! sweet and sure !
 My helpless Soul now lives secure,
 And sees and feels thy Pow'r divine,
 Marvellous Light on me doth shine.
- 12 The more of this sweet Light I see,
 The more I know the Misery,
 The Pride, and Treach'ry of Man's Heart,
 And when I give my Saviour Smart.
- 13 Long this in Darkness lay conceal'd,
 Till 'twas by that true Light reveal'd,
 Which shews God's Love and Jesu's Grace
 And fills the bruised Heart with Peace.
-

Hymn XXXI.

- 1 **O** LAMB, O wounded bleeding Lamb !
 My Heart's athirst for Thee,
 And pants and gasps for thy sweet Grace,
 Each Moment water me !
 Look with thy tender piercing Eyes,
 And search my ev'ry Thought,
 And all the Turnings of my Heart:
 Look on the Worm Thou'st bought.
- 2 Thou hast me bought, that I should live,
 And bring forth Fruit to Thee,
 Pour out thy Spirit on me, Lord,
 That I may faithful be.
 Behold my Wants and Feebleness,
 Dear Saviour here I am ;
 I lie down at thy bleeding Feet,
 Thou slaughter'd holy Lamb !

- 3 Thy Wounds and Blood revive my Heart,
And give new Life and Strength ;
What Thought can fathom thy great Love,
Or know its Breadth and Length ?
Yet this thou let'st me understand,
That thou dost Sinners love ;
Give me this Knowledge farther still,
That I more thankful prove.
- 4 This Anchor doth my Soul support,
When my vile Heart I see,
And feel myself a Sinner poor,
My Love so cold t'wards Thee ;
When I'm assaulted on all Sides,
By a whole Host of Foes ;
Thou dost not leave me comfortless,
To bear these heavy Blows.
- 5 Thou dost not give one stroke for nought,
'Tis with a loving Heart
Thou dost rebuke and chasten me,
'Tis not to give me Smart :
Then, dearest Lamb, move not thy Hand,
'Till 'tis thy gracious Will ;
Finish thy kind Design in me,
And Sin destroy and kill.
- 6 I am thy own, for thou hast bought
Me with thy dearest Blood ;
Since I'm so precious in thy Sight,
Do with me as seems good.
Thou hast so just a Right to me,
By all which Thou hast done ;
I have no Claim to any Part,
Body and Soul thou'st won.
- 7 When I behold thy tender Love,
Tho' all my Sins appear,

I screen myself within thy Side,
 No Guilt can fright me there.
 O whither can I go besides,
 Whence else to ease my Pain?
 Had Righteousness come by the Law,
 The Lamb had died in vain.

- 8 Thy precious and atoning Blood
 Hath paid my Ransom-price,
 Redeem'd me from all Curse and Death
 By one sweet Sacrifice.
 That Sacrifice lies in my Heart,
 Thy Blood still eases Pain;
 Here lies my Strength, this Confidence,
 "Thou for my Sins wert slain."
-

Hymn XXXII.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the loving Son of God
 Stretch'd out upon the Tree,
 Behold him shedding forth his Blood
 For all of you and me.
- 2 O what a Mystery is this!
 The nail'd Immanuel view:
 How hath he left his Realms of Bliss
 To bleed for me and you!
- 3 Why is his body rack'd with pains,
 And wrung with keenest Smart,
 Why flows the Blood from out his Veins,
 Why torn with Grief his Heart?
- 4 All Righteousness did he fulfil,
 No Sin did ever know,
 He never thought nor acted ill;
 Why was He wounded so?

- 5 Alas ! I know the Reason why :
Our num'rous Sins he bore,
This caus'd his bitter Agony,
This wounded him so sore.
- 6 But hence our Confidence begins ;
For we may boldly say,
That thus, by bearing all our Sins,
He took them all away.
- 7 Our God is fully reconcil'd,
Our God is satisfied ;
Each Sinner now may be his Child,
Since Jesus bled and died.
- 8 How highly God his Death did prize
No Sinner's Tongue can tell ;
It was a pleasing Sacrifice,
How sweetly did it smell !
- 9 Come then, each needy Sinner come,
If you'll accept, He'll give ;
But let him, and he'll lead you Home ;
Whoever thirsts, may live.
-

Hymn XXXIII.

- 1 **O** JESU, Jesu, my good Lord !
How wonderful's thy Love,
Thy Patience, Pity, Tenderness,
Which I each Moment prove ;
For oh ! how faithless is my Mind,
How apt to turn aside,
And wander in its own Deceits
Of Reasoning and Pride.
- 2 How does the old Corruption strive,
And fight to reign again ;
Sure there's not such a Heart as mine
In all thy Cross's Train.

- No that there cannot, patient Lamb,
No Heart's so hard as mine,
There is not one would try Thee so,
On whom thy Grace does shine.
- 3 Yet, dearest Saviour, love me still,
The poorest and the worst ;
For well I know, where Sin abounds
Thy Grace aboundeth most.
On me, my King, exert thy Power,
Make old Things pass away,
Create all new, and draw me still,
Still nearer ev'ry Day.
- 4 O give me great exceeding Grace,
Thou see'st for that I've Need,
'Twas for such deep-corrupted Hearts
Thou didst so freely bleed ;
Yet let me not thy Grace abuse,
And sin because Thou'rt good,
But let thy Love fill me with Shame,
That I have it withstood.
- 5 Thou know'st which Way to rectify
Each stubborn Ill within,
And to subdue my ev'ry Thought,
And conquer all that's Sin.
Thou canst bring me, who am so weak,
To keep my Eye on Thee
Constantly fix'd ; and ever in
Thy Presence glad to be.
- 6 Saviour of Sinners, now do this,
Let me not turn away
From thy dear Cross and bleeding Wounds ;
But bind me there to stay :
O let thy Love constrain my Heart,
This foolish Heart of mine,
Thy Love will melt the hardest Rocks,
Its Power is divine.

- 7 Shew forth thy Pity and thy Love
On me, thou tend'rest Lord,
Watch over me with strictest Care,
And daily Strength afford :
Chastise me when I do amiss,
Let not one Thought arise
Which can displease my gracious Lord,
But send me fresh Supplies.
- 8 O give me Grace, still give me more,
Still draw me nearer Thee,
O give me till I truly know
Thy boundless Love to me :
Impress thy Wounds upon my Heart
With all thy bitter Pain,
And there abide for evermore,
And all the Vict'ry gain.
- 9 Remind me of it constantly,
For I forgetful am
Of thy dear bloody Sufferings,
And all thy Grief and Shame ;
Lord speak to me with thy sweet Voice,
And give me ears to hear,
For Thou my Saviour Jesus art,
Who me hath bought so dear.
- 10 Thou the more gracious art to me,
O Christ, thou Son of God,
That I should feel myself this Wretch,
Yet know and taste thy Blood ;
I praise and thank Thee, dearest Lamb,
For all which Thou hast done,
Since Thou dost take me as I am
For thy redeemed One.
- 11 O praise the Lord, for he is good,
His Mercy lasts for ever ;
O praise him, who so gracious is
Poor Sinners to deliver :

Jesu, that bloody Sacrifice,
Which offer'd was for me,
O bring me always to behold,
And sink with Shame 'fore Thee.

Hymn XXXIV.

- 1 **O** JESUS, the poor Sinner's Friend !
Most wretched should I be,
Did not I see thy streaming Blood
Flow freely unto me.
I should be sad and deep distress'd,
And could not be reliev'd,
When Weakness, Faintings, seize my Flesh,
Each part oppress'd and griev'd.
- 2 When I do hear the dreadful Voice
From Sinai's flaming Mount,
And Death and Judgment call on me,
"Come bring in thy Account ;"
Dear Saviour, this would fill my Soul
With Terror and with Dread,
Did not I see on Sion's Hill
That Lamb, which for me bled.
- 3 Oh how transcendent is that Grace
Which thou dost then bestow,
When nothing in myself I feel,
But Misery and Woe !
'Tis then indeed, my gracious Lord,
Its Riches shine so bright,
It cheers and comforts my poor Soul
With its most glorious Sight.
- 4 O give me, Saviour, give me still
My Poverty to know ;
Increase my Faith, each Day in Grace
And Knowledge may I grow ;

Open still more the Mystery
Of thy dear Wounds and Cross,
And for this precious Pearl let me
Count all Things here but Dross.

Hymn XXXV.

- 1 **T**HOU Saviour, my good Shepherd art,
Thy Voice, dear Lord, I know :
For thou hast laid down thy own Life
To save me from deep Woe.
 - 2 When I was lost, and far had stray'd
Into a Desert wild ;
Thou didst me seek, and bring back safe
With tender Mercy mild.
 - 3 When I was broken and heart-sick,
Thou pitiedst my pain,
Thou boundest up, and strength'nedst me,
And gav'st me Health again.
 - 4 Thou didst me lead and gently tend,
And feed in Pasture good :
And brought'st me to the living Stream
Of thy most precious Blood.
 - 5 Thy Blood ! O charming Sound to me
Thy poor and helpless Sheep ;
Thy Blood's my sure Defence by Day,
My Shelter when I sleep.
-

Hymn XXXVI.

- 1 **O** WHENCE was I brought ?
From Darkness was sought, [bought.
And led to that Kingdom which Christ's Blood hath

2 Here shines a clear Light,
And ravishing Sight,
From Jesus the Saviour, who's God's Image bright.

3 Here is the Lamb's Blood,
That adorable Good ; [stood.
Which cleans'd me from Sin, tho' I long reas'ning

4 Here's Honour and Health,
And durable Wealth,
Which no Thief can plunder by Force or by Stealth.

5 O here I'm at Rest,
No Ill can molest,
Or should it assault me, I see my Lord's Breast.

6 His Love and his Care,
I plainly read there :
In his kind Protection I shall ever share.

7 To sit at his Feet,
O this is most sweet :
For where such another Friend e'er can I meet ?

8 To tell what He's done,
My Soul when he won,
Indeed I'm not able, I'll let that alone.

9 Yet this I do know,
I once was his Foe ;
But since he's died for me, I cannot be so.

10 His Wounds and his Pain
Are my Life and Gain,
O Wonder of Wonders ! he for me was slain.

11 Now deep in my Heart
Lies his Blood and Smart ;
The Enmity therefore must fly and depart.

12 Oh Jesus my Lamb !
A poor Sinner I am, [shame.
For thy Love, sign'd with Blood, proclaimeth my

Hymn XXXVII.

- 1 **T**HOU holy, spotless Lamb of God,
Who left'st thy glorious bless'd Abode
In Love to Sinners vile,
To bleed for all lost Adam's Race,
Who all were curs'd, and dead and base
Bound fast by Satan's Guile !
- 2 Thou for their Sake, who hated Thee,
Didst shed thy Blood upon the Tree,
Thy Life for theirs didst give ;
Thou bear'st their Curse, their Debt is paid,
Thy Soul for Sin an Off'ring made ;
Thou diedst that they might live.
- 3 Thou, Lamb, hast bought them with thy Blood ;
That Price accepted was as good
By God for ever bless'd ;
No Wrath remains on any one,
That will but come unto his Son,
And take his Righteousness.
- 4 And now should any Doubt remain,
Behold the Lamb, for Sinners slain,
'Midst of the Throne is seen ;
The Elders fall down at his Feet,
With a new Song of Praises sweet,
That he did them redeem.
- 5 O could I join this blessed Choir,
With the same Love and holy Fire,
How happy should I be ;
Since ev'ry Creature on the Earth,
Should sing this Song of heav'nly Birth,
To him that made them free.

- 6 Then why not I, 'tho' I am Clay,
Since all my Sins are wash'd away,
With his most precious Blood ;
My dearest Lamb, who diedst for me,
Make all my Heart both burn for Thee,
And tell thy Love abroad.
- 7 Never may I depart from Thee,
Thou purchas'd hast this Liberty,
That I may keep thy Grace ;
Thy Wounds my Glory and my Strength,
My Refuge sure 'gainst Sin and Death,
My safe abiding Place.
- 8 Still feed me with thy living Flesh,
That Bread will my poor Soul refresh,
While I remain below ;
Give me thy cleansing Blood to drink,
Which freely for my Sins was spilt,
And nought else may I know.
-

Hymn XXXVIII

- 1 **G**REAT Saviour, one sweet Look of thine
Rejoices all my Heart ;
With such a Bliss and Happiness,
As words cannot impart.
I feel and catch a kindling Ray
From thy most glorious Beams,
Which glows and sparkles in my Breast,
And all my Soul inflames.
- 2 O breathe on me continually,
And fan the living Fire,
Which Thou hast shed deep in my Heart ;
Each Day still raise it higher ;

Let me not grieve nor quench this Spark
Which thou to me hast giv'n,
Which is a Pearl of such great Price,
It is a Taste of Heaven.

- 3 It is thy Gift, my dearest Lord,
Therefore it is most sure,
That Floods can't drown, nor Waters quench,
But ever 'twill endure,
For what had I to purchase this?
Had I a Kingdom's Wealth,
T'would be contemn'd, 'tis for the Poor!
The Sick cannot buy Health.

- 4 Thou art my Soul's Physician,
Thou gav'st me thy own Blood;
Thy precious Blood! for ev'ry Sore
That Balsam has prov'd good:
I have so tried this Remedy,
For ev'ry Ache and Pain,
That much I wish all Sin-sick Souls
Would take and use the same.

- 5 Oh! that all knew thy tender Heart,
And saw thy loving Face!
O send forth Messengers, good Lord,
To publish thy free Grace.
Thou sittest on thy royal Throne,
Now let thy Kingdom come.
And reign and conquer in all Hearts,
Which by thy Death thou'st won.

- 6 O look in Mercy on the Poor,
Who are by Sin opprest;
And wash and cleanse them in thy Blood,
And in thy Wounds give Rest.
O Saviour Christ! behold all those,
Which bear thy sacred Name!
And bring them to know nothing else
But that a Lamb was slain.

- 7 Extend thy Mercy far and near,
Thy Blood was shed for all ;
O draw the Heathen unto Thee,
Lord bid thy Servants call
O dearest Saviour, bless, preserve
The Souls which trust in Thee ;
And let their Lives convince the World,
Thy chosen Flock they be.
-

Hymn XXXIX.

- 1 **T**HOU meek and patient Lamb of God,
Who can by Faith thy Suff'rings see,
And not devote himself to thee,
His Life, and ev'ry Drop of Blood ?
- 2 Thy dying Love doth justly claim
That I should live unto thy Praise,
Yea, gladly share in thy Disgrace,
And suffer freely for thy name.

FINIS.

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The World Bank has also estimated that the number of people who are undernourished in the world will increase from 800 million in 1990 to 1.2 billion in 2020. The number of people who are malnourished will increase from 1.5 billion in 1990 to 2.2 billion in 2020. The number of people who are obese will increase from 300 million in 1990 to 600 million in 2020.

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